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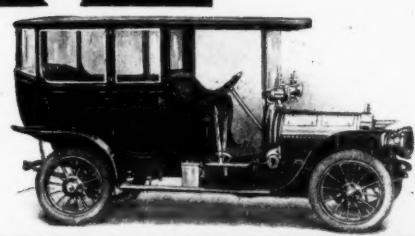
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# LIFE



## Sanctum Talks

**G**OOD-MORNING, LIFE."

"Good-morning, madam. This is"—

"Mary Baker"—

"To be sure. Won't you be seated?"

"Thank you."

"How are things in Concord?"

"Concord! That isn't its name any more. I've changed it."

"To what?"

"Claimville."

"Dear me. As bad as that? I thought you had gotten rid of all claims."

"So did I. When the first thing I knew the McClure claim started up."

"How unfortunate!"

"And while we were beginning to treat that along comes the Glover claim."

"You must have your hands full with all these errors of mortal mind."

"I have. It's pretty sad, LIFE, after working hard all my days to establish a religion on a paying basis to have to be investigated."

"Well, we all have to come to it sooner or later. There's Perkins and McCurdy and Harriman, all sufferers."

"True. But to think my own son"—

"Perhaps, if I may say so, you gave him absent treatment too early in life."

"Yes, that's it. I was so young and inexperienced."

"True. You had only been married once then. But now?"

"Now, LIFE, I am syndicated. Really, I don't have anything to say about my own affairs."

"I wouldn't care. They're all imaginary, you know."

"So they are. Still, that syndicate"—

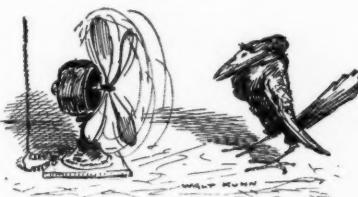
"You refer to Frye, Farlow and the other claim agents?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mrs. Eddy, here's my advice: Treat them the way you treated your son."

"How's that?"

"Give them a good, strong, enduring dose of absent treatment."



"GREAT BIRD YOU ARE—TWO WINGS MORE THAN I AND YET YOU CAN'T MANAGE TO GET AWAY FROM ONE SPOT."

## Varying Opinions

HER father thought he was a cad,  
His father thought her crude;  
Her mother thought him "simply mad,"  
His mother thought her rude;  
Her uncles thought he was a churl,  
His uncles thought her dense;  
But he thought her "a corking girl"  
And she thought him immense!

Sidney H. Arons.

## Cock Robin

(New York, 1907)

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I, said the Sparrow,"

("But twenty-seven alienists can prove I did it under the influence of a brain storm, with an unwritten law on the side. Hypothetically"—)

"Who saw him die?"

"I, said the Fly,"

("But as I don't care to waste six weeks, serving as a witness, I'm on my way to Europe.")

"Who told the news?"

"I, said the Fish,"

("And I got exclusive space rates on it and a promise of a job at reporting the trial.")

"Who'll toll his knell?"

"I, said the Bull,"

("With the kind permission of the Anti-Noise Society.")

"Who'll be chief mourner?"

"I, said the Dove,"

("Black was always becoming to me, anyhow; and the papers will hint that he was in love with me.")

"Who'll sew his shroud?"

"I, said the Beetle,"

("Unless the Shroud-Fitters' Union decrees another strike in the meantime.")

And all of the birds were a sighin' and sobbin'

For the warm "Trial Extras" in the case of C. Robin.

Albert Payson Terhune.

THE Indian of the past, whose home we shattered, has had to wait, but he is getting his revenge on many of us day by day.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



**T**HREE is now no important organized opposition to President Roosevelt and what he represents. Whether there can be said to be to-day any Democratic party is debatable,

because a party has been understood in time past to be a group of voters who are agreed, in the main, about what they want, whereas the great body of voters who call themselves Democrats is no longer bound together by any tie of common political conviction or purpose. But in so far as there is a Democratic party, it is not opposed to the more conspicuous and important Roosevelt policies, the ones that are most criticised and excite the most terror and the heartiest depreciation from persons who are opposed to them. The rank and file of the Democratic party is heartily in favor of investigating and regulating the railroads and the trusts. They approve vehemently of all the President has done in that line, and so do a large majority of the Republican voters.

There are plenty of dis approvers and they are very hearty about it. Many of them are emphatic in their condemnation of the President's intentions, methods and influence. They consider that he has been needlessly urgent in his disciplining of the railroads and the trusts, and has stimulated a sentiment of hostility to both of them that has already done an enormous damage to business, and is likely to bring on industrial blight and very suffering times. They consider the President a very dangerous and irresponsible meddler, and though they are sure that the fatuity of his policies is well on the way to be demonstrated by disastrous results, they would be glad, if they could, to check his destructive course at the earliest possible moment. There are

plenty of them, but they represent no party. Some are Republicans. Some are Democrats. Some are railroad men, but not all the railroad men are with them. Some are capitalists and some are stock brokers, but not quite all the capitalists nor even all the brokers feel so. But such as they are, an unorganized band, leaderless and apprehensive, they constitute the opposition to Roosevelt.

It is not much of an opposition, but it is better than nothing. We hope it will grow, fit itself out with machinery and definite principles and stand up in the country as a conservative force. We hope so, not because we are out of sympathy in the main with the Roosevelt purposes, nor incurably scandalized by the Roosevelt methods, nor ready to attribute altogether to them the slump in stocks and the serious loss of credit by the railroads, but because the Roosevelt administration is a strong, rampageous concern with an immense popular backing, and ought to have a competent and intelligent opposition as soon as possible. There ought always to be some better alternative to the frying-pan than the fire.



**I**N THE St. Patrick's Day speeches last month there was a definite effort to set up some opposition-to-Roosevelt standards. Colonel Harvey, at Charleston, quoted various of the Fathers, and especially Webster, in depreciation of the Roosevelt propensity to extend Federal power at the cost of State rights, and in defense of constitutional government against executive encroachment. Indicating with entire candor what seemed to him to be the President's defects, he cited Roosevelt-the-historian's account of Jackson's war on the money power, pointed out the likeness between President Jackson's activities and those of President Roosevelt and piously hoped that the latter might not be followed by such a fiscal and industrial convulsion as the panic of 1837.

So, in New York, at the dinner of the South Carolina Society, President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, said unkind things of the abuses of the protective tariff and its great part in getting us used to special privileges conferred by law, and in bringing down upon us the mischiefs that now vex us. He spoke up for a grad-

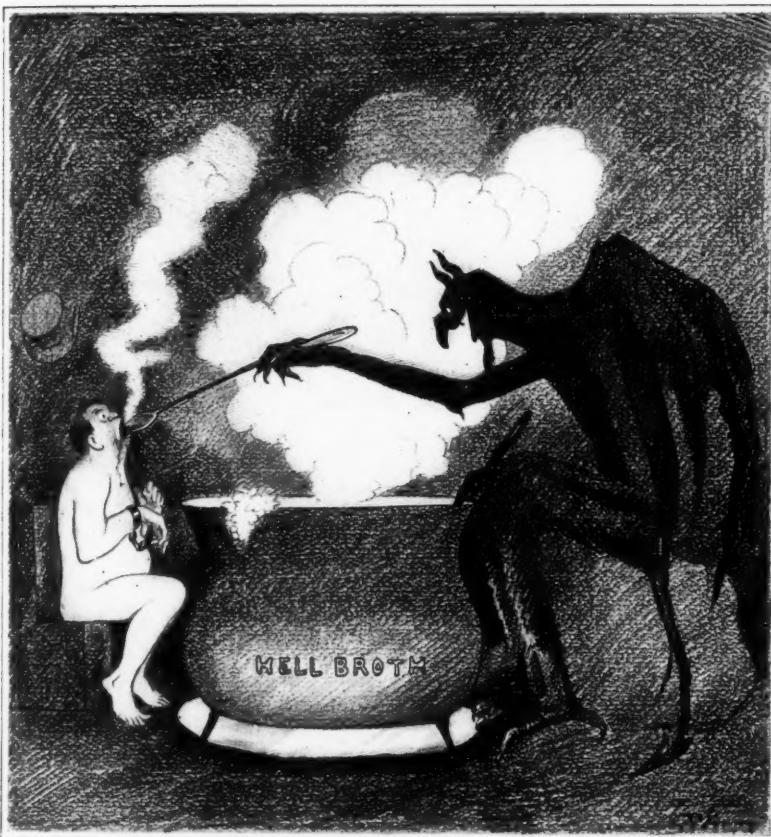
ual and prudent rearrangement of the tariff and for denial of special or class privileges to anybody—union laborer as well as capitalist. What we need, he said, is not a square deal, but no deal at all—an old-fashioned equality and harmony of conditions.

And Mr. Cleveland has spoken, too, conceding that there must be some form of government supervision of railroads, but saying that it should be planned in a quiet hour, not in one of angry excitement. What Mr. Cleveland wants is tariff reform and he urges Democrats to bring it to the front and focus the attention of the country upon it.



**M**RS. CLEVELAND is right, Dr. Wilson is right and there is much in Colonel Harvey's solicitude for the maintenance of the constitutional limitations of the Federal authority. The Constitution seems a mighty abstract opponent to set up before the mass of voters against so concrete a force as Colonel Roosevelt, but, after all, some of the leaders of the people know the Constitution and are prejudiced in its favor, and regard for it, in shaping their course, may affect the votes of a great multitude who follow them.

"A purged business and a purged law" Dr. Wilson calls for. Well, we are getting it fast, and Roosevelt is the purge. If it had not been him it would have been Bryan or Hearst, or some Debs or other. A purge we were bound to have, and Roosevelt has been a comparatively moderate and safe one. He will run his course through, without doubt, and if the railroad regulation matter can be worked out soon enough for the country to stand any tariff tinkering before his term expires, it is a moral certainty that he will undertake that. After him we shall doubtless need a wise and pacific President who will nurse our purged business with due respect to our purged law. Whom we will choose for that important duty and whether he will be a so-called Democrat or a so-called Republican will depend most of all on the condition of business a year from now and on what proportion of us are still in possession of incomes sufficient for our support.



THE TYPE OF MAN WHO THINKS HE SETTLES HIS FINANCIAL OBLIGATIONS BY DINING HIS CREDITORS



PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—The enclosed clippings explain themselves. A great deal of feeling is being stirred throughout the country and there is a strong impetus in the matter of an effort to reform the condition of the cattle on the Western ranches. Mr. Stillman's letters to the newspapers are excellent. I enclose a copy of a letter that Mr. Stillman wrote to Mr. Muldoon, of the Brooklyn *Citizen*, in which Mr. Stillman discloses his ideas of how the reform will eventually be worked. Publicity and the stirring of public sentiment through this publicity will probably accomplish the cure. The great cattle owners must be shamed into something like humanity. The newspapers and magazines will help enormously in this work and we hope with all our hearts that *LIFE* will take up the fight. The subject is fertile for the cartoonists and for the ironic illustrators who have already exposed the sins of the mighty in the columns of *LIFE*. What pictures *LIFE* could make as suggestions for the subject of paintings to be added to—let us say Senator Clark's great collections! Senator Clark is, I believe, one of the great-

est cattle owners and Senator Bailey, I believe, is another. I hope most earnestly you will read these clippings I am sending you, and if you do, I am convinced that *LIFE* will help.

With all good wishes,  
Sincerely yours,

March 15, 1907. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

CHELSEA, MASS.  
EDITOR OF LIFE:

My Dear Sir—The opinion of the Hartford *Times*, quoted in your last number, is surely extreme, but it sounds a needed note, for all that.

We of these United States are not only money-mad, but also "education" mad.

Alleged education is depleting, making unfit for practical, genial, enjoyable, every-day life, or else actually murdering hosts of American girls who, if moderately and wisely educated with a true view to their girlhood and womanhood, would contribute to the real strength of this nation as wholesome-minded, warm-hearted, sound-bodied sweethearts, wives and mothers.

As to our men, the spectacle of bearded adults, sitting in chairs under tutelage at twenty-five to thirty years or over, is both ridiculous and sad.

No youth should be a schoolboy after twenty or so.

Most of the special and superspecial "courses" are largely fakes. Let our youth quit school after twenty

and go to work, learning as they go. Reading and occasional lecture-courses, taken up voluntarily, will do the rest. Tussle in the workaday world is a far better education for our young men than the mere schools afford.

As to our girls and women, they ought not to tussle competitively with men at all or practically not at all. The views here expressed are shared by more sensible people, perhaps, than *LIFE* is aware of. I, their propounder, gave more time to the preparation of my profession than most doctors or lawyers give. Am a graduate and post-graduate and "special student" of this, that and the other "school" and "course"—and I am growing more assured of the wisdom of what is here said every hour that I live!

Respectfully,

March 19, 1907.

E. DUCATUS.

### The History of an Intellectual Woman

LITTLE SADIE.  
Sadie.

Sadie Jones.

Miss Sadie Jones.

Miss Jones.

Miss S. Jones, B.A.

Miss Sadie Jones, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.

Miss Sadie Jones, secretary Woman's Auxiliary.

Miss Sadie Jones, chairman.

Miss Sadie Jones, president Federation of Woman's Clubs.

Madam Jones.

Old Lady Jones.

JONES—Yesterday, suddenly, Miss Sadie Jones, childless, alone and unloved. No flowers.

### A Natural Desire

"I SEE that several European monarchs are about to visit the United States."

"What for?"

"They want to see by a study of our President how they can extend their powers."



Polly Goldstein: I VOULDN'T EAT DAT.  
I TINK IT VOS AN IMITATION!

## Arthur and His Toys

LITTLE ARTHUR, the boy magnate, and his father were great chums. His father loved to take the boy around with him, because he was so bright, and seemed to have an intuitive grasp on everything. Besides, it kept his young mind occupied. And the little fellow grew tired of playing in his nursery and in his gold-dust pile.

For some days the child had been unusually thoughtful, and both parents felt anxious about him. And so it was really a relief when he said suddenly, climbing on papa's knee: "Say, papa, buy me a railroad."



"A railroad! Dear me, haven't you one already, one that runs by electricity?"

"Oh, yes. But I want a real railroad." Arthur's father and mother exchanged smiles.

"And what would you do with a railroad if you had one?" asked his father, gently.

Arthur nestled down on his shoulder.

"Why, loot it, of course. Isn't that what you do?"

His amused parents could scarcely restrain their laughter.

"Arthur, you are a really wonderful child," said his mother, approvingly. Then she turned to his father.

"I really think," she said, "you should give Arthur a rail-

road. It will help him to develop manly traits, and give him an idea of how business is conducted."

"Yes," said Arthur, clapping his hands. "And I want a railroad with real stockholders and—everything you can think of."

"All right," said his father, "you shall have one." So the next day he looked over his available railroads, and selected one that he thought would suit, and gave it to Arthur then and there.

For the next month the little boy was so busy that his parents scarcely saw him at all. His private car, which he had thrown aside so often, was taken out and brushed up, and Arthur would be gone in it for days at a time.

But one evening he burst into the room where his father and mother were playing bridge with some friends for city franchises, his face alive with excitement.

"Well, Arthur," said his father, "how's your railroad?"

"I'm having a bully time," said Arthur. "I formed a pool with the other boys in the block, and for three or four days we didn't do anything but make bond issues. Then we sold 'em off and bought another railroad with what we made."

"Another!"

"Oh, yes."

Arthur shook his head slowly up and down.

"More than one. It's a splendid game, isn't it, papa? And so easy. All we do is to water the stock, and every time we sell out we can get more."

Arthur stood up proudly.

"We're going to own all the railroads in the country before we get through," he announced.

The guests were highly entertained.

"You'd better look out, Arthur," said one of them, "or you'll get arrested. Aren't you afraid of the big policeman on the corner?"

"No, sir!" replied Arthur, strutting around. "I guess I can fix him, with all my money. Besides I made him buy stock in my road, and now he can't say anything!"

At this the company roared.

"If I were you, old man," said one of his father's guests, "I'd be careful of that boy. He's too bright. He will exhaust all of his pleasures before he is grown up."

Arthur's mother put her hand upon his head indulgently.

"Come, my dear," she said, "you've played hard enough for one day. Now, kiss all around and run off to bed."

So Arthur did as he was told, and in a few moments his \$5,000-a-year nurse had tucked him into bed and he was fast asleep, dreaming of rolling stock, up grades, freight rates and other exciting things.

But the next morning he was up bright and early and off again as usual.

The weeks went by, and one day Arthur's mother said to her husband:

"Don't you think it is remarkable the way that boy sticks to the railroad amusement? I really believe he has some perseverance."

"You wait," replied Arthur's father; "he'll grow weary of it. I think I begin to notice signs of this already."

And sure enough, when Arthur came in again he was very cross and nervous, and irritable. He brushed away with a petulant gesture the twenty-course supper that was placed before him.

"Don't you feel well, Arthur dear?" asked his mother.

"No, no! Don't bother me. I'm tired of the railroad game. And I'm not going to play it any more."

"What's the matter, Arthur?" said his father, gently.

"I was a big fool!" said Arthur, choking back his sobs.

"Tell us all about it. Remember your dear father and mother love you, even if others have gone back on you."

Arthur's father had been watching his little boy covertly, and knew something of what was going on. Though he didn't let Arthur know this.

"I let in the other boys with me," said Arthur, "and gave them all some shares, so's we could play together and have a good time. Then some of 'em told on me and I had to be investigated. And we had awful accidents."

"I was afraid of it," replied his father, severely. "You haven't learned how to take care of the things you have, Arthur. You ought to have kept your railroads in good condition."

"I know it," said Arthur, sobbing. "And now all the boys have gone back on me. They won't speak to me. They call me 'Robber' and 'Thief,' and nobody likes me any more. I would rather not have any railroads at all, if I could have only kept my friends."

In his rage and passion he got up and stamped his feet on the floor.

"Papa," he cried, "I want some more friends. And you must get them for me at once. It's perfectly horrid not to be liked by any one."

"But we love you, darling," said his mother, folding him in her arms.

But Arthur for once refused to be pacified.

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed. "'Cause if you did, you would never have given me that railroad in the first place."

It was only by sending for the doctor and giving him a soothing potion that he was finally gotten to bed.

The next morning he was silent and reserved.

In the afternoon, however, as his father and mother were looking out of the back window, they saw their little boy with a rake in his hand, busy manipulating a large bonfire he had made.

His mother raised the window hastily.

"Arthur dear," she called, "what in the world are you burning there so earnestly?"

"Money!" called back Arthur.

"Money! Where did you get so much?"

Arthur brandished his rake aloft as the flames crackled.

"I got it out of those horrid railroads, mamma," he replied, "and I hate it. It made me lose every one in the world that I wanted to like me, and I just can't wait until it's all gone."

T. L. M.

#### A Safe Proposition

**C**ALLER: I'd think that your father's duties as building inspector would be awfully dangerous, going round unsafe buildings.

**SMALL SON OF THE HOUSE:** Oh, no; he doesn't go near 'em till after they fall down.



"AUNT MARY, IF YOU MET A LADY YOU WEREN'T SPEAKIN' TO, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

"I'D PASS BY WITHOUT LOOKING AT HER."

"BUT, SUPPOSIN' SHE STUCK HER TONGUE OUT, AN' SAID 'SKIDDOO'?"

#### Personal Journalism

*By the Poets and Prophets\**

"**T**HE HERALD is a pretty knavish page."—*Love's Labor Lost*, by Willie Shakespeare.

"**H**oist with his own petar."—*Excerpt from Hamlet*.

"**J**oseph gathered up all the money that was."

"**T**he World is too much with us, late and soon."—*Genesis and William Wordsworth*.

"**O**, heavy *Times*!"—*Henry VI*.

"**W**hat should the people do with these bald *Tribunes*?"—*Coriolanus*.

"**Q**uite out of fashion, like a rusty *Mail*."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

"**S**earch *The Globe* round, none can be found."—*Dibdin*.

"**A** *Post* loaden with heavy news."—*Henry IV*.

"**P**ress me not."—*Winter's Tale*.

"**M**y woes end likewise with *The Evening Sun*."—*Comedy of Errors*.

\*We disclaim all responsibility for libel, as only the italics are ours.

**T**HERE are no hypocrites in hell—the necessity has passed.

#### Too Late

**P**OLITICIAN: Before you send in your report of this interview I want to see it!

**R**EPORTER: Impossible! I sent it in half an hour before I interviewed you!

## As to Saving Money



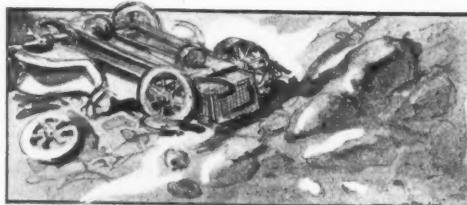
R. ROCKEFELLER is credited with forebodings of hard times ahead and with the opinion that our people are not saving the money they should save. He does not find evidence in the financial reports that saving has increased in ratio with our prosperity.

There is much pity in his observation, and it is kind of him to communicate it to us. We ought unquestionably to save more. Instead of squandering our money in self-indulgence, we ought to keep scraping it up into little piles and lending it to the railroads. The railroads are hard up and have an enormous amount of new construction ahead, and need every cent of our money that we can manage to lend them.

But how is anybody to save anything while living is so high and prices so precipitous, and while everybody is spending so much? To save is a repugnant exercise at best. It means being artificially hard up. When you are actually hard up you don't waste any money because you don't have any to waste; but then you commonly have company in your trouble, and that makes it vastly easier. But to save and be hard up when all your natural companions are being rich and spending is almost as bad as to go into a retreat.

Yet there are considerable advantages in that course if one can bring oneself to it. When everybody is spending, prices are high and you get so much less for your money that you might almost as well hang on to it. The truly advantageous time to spend is when prices are low, and buyers scarce, and there is more room in the shops and restaurants and railroad trains, and less danger of being run down if you cruise in a yacht.

If we can persuade ourselves that such a state of things is approaching, and will all lay by money to take advantage of it, there will be two good results: first, we shall all have good company in our economies;



A FOOL AND HIS CAR ARE SOON PARTED

and, second, we shall have so much money to lend to the railroads that prosperity will be maintained.

The alternative is to let Mr. Rockefeller and other persons who are situated as he is do the necessary saving. They can do it at much less inconvenience than we can, and when they get it saved we can petition our State legislatures to give us the usufruct of it. This fashion of saving is enjoying a growing popularity.

## Bears and Bears

IN THE fastnesses of the Rockies two grizzlies lingered over their cigars and coffee.

"I see by the public prints," remarked the younger of them, "that Mr. Roosevelt's latest attitude distinctly favors the bears of Wall Street."

"Not our Mr. Roosevelt?"

"Our Mr. Roosevelt."

"The Big Noise, at Washington?"

"None other."

The elder grizzly smoked thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Well," he said, at length, "I suppose it's possible. To tell the truth, I've never held any relations with the Eastern branch of our family, not considering them quite respectable, so that I don't know much about them. Possibly they have done something to merit more consideration at the hands of Mr. Roosevelt than he is used to according us. I should like to see this new attitude of his. I wager you it is picturesque."

## Decency

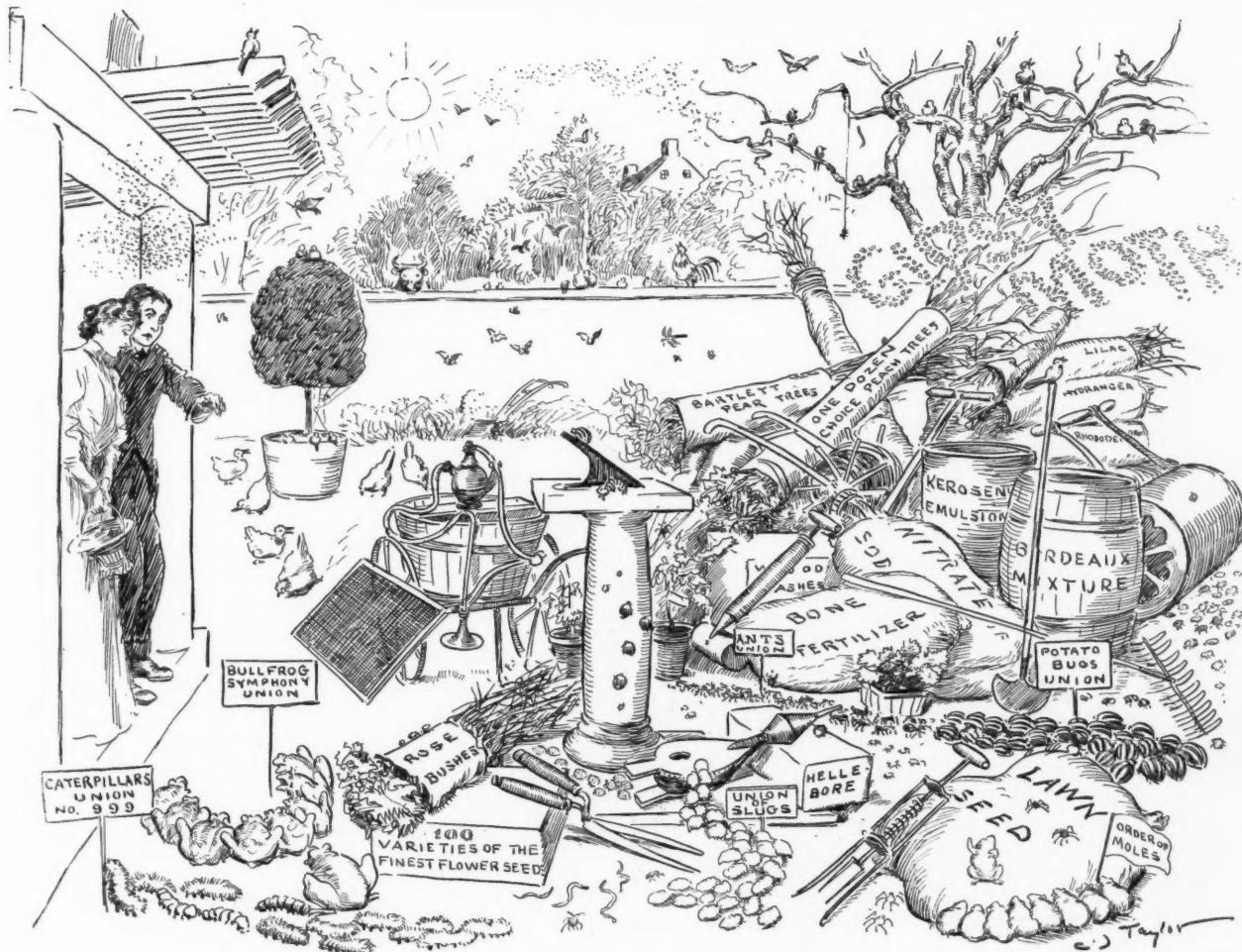
"There will be no incentive for a man to be successful."—*Mr. Harriman*.

A MAN'S success is chiefly interesting to himself. His decency, on the other hand, interests his neighbors. Perhaps that is why we insist, first of all, on incentives for a man to be decent.

## The Proper Thing

MRS. PARKE: I see that Mrs. VanCobb has been abandoned by her husband.

PARKER: What shall we do—send her congratulations?



FOR THE GARDEN

*Jack: WELL, EVERYTHING HAS ARRIVED ON TIME.*

*Jill: YES, DEARIE, THERE'S SO MUCH PLEASURE IN STORE FOR US.*

#### The Instalment Plan

I BOUGHT an edition de luxe  
Of the "Lives of the World's Famous Crooks."  
When I've passed away,  
My heirs will still pay  
A dollar a month for those books.

#### Success

**S**UCCESS is an ancient game of chance in which the chances are all against the player. The winnings are now divided into three classes—First, *money*; second, *MONEY*; and third, *MONEY*. There are also a few other things like character that count a little. The rules of the game are very strict. Cheating is not allowed—if discovered. Some have played according to rule and even been successful, but not as we speak of success to-day.

#### Financial

**L**OCAL NOTE.—Wall Street, recently.—To go into a broker's office almost any day about now is to intrude upon a bereavement. Two out of three of the Wall Street patients have had a tooth out, and though the ache has stopped, the vacant place is very sore.

But Wall Street is not the only sore spot. Fifty railroad men sat around the fountain in the Pompeian room of the Auditorium Annex in Chicago the second week in March. They exchanged confidential opinions about President Roosevelt. When one presumed to say that the President was not alone to blame, his neighbors did not waste words on him. They simply threw him into the fountain, where the water is four feet deep.

**A** HACKENSACK man calls his new automobile "Margin" because it goes so swiftly.

• LIF



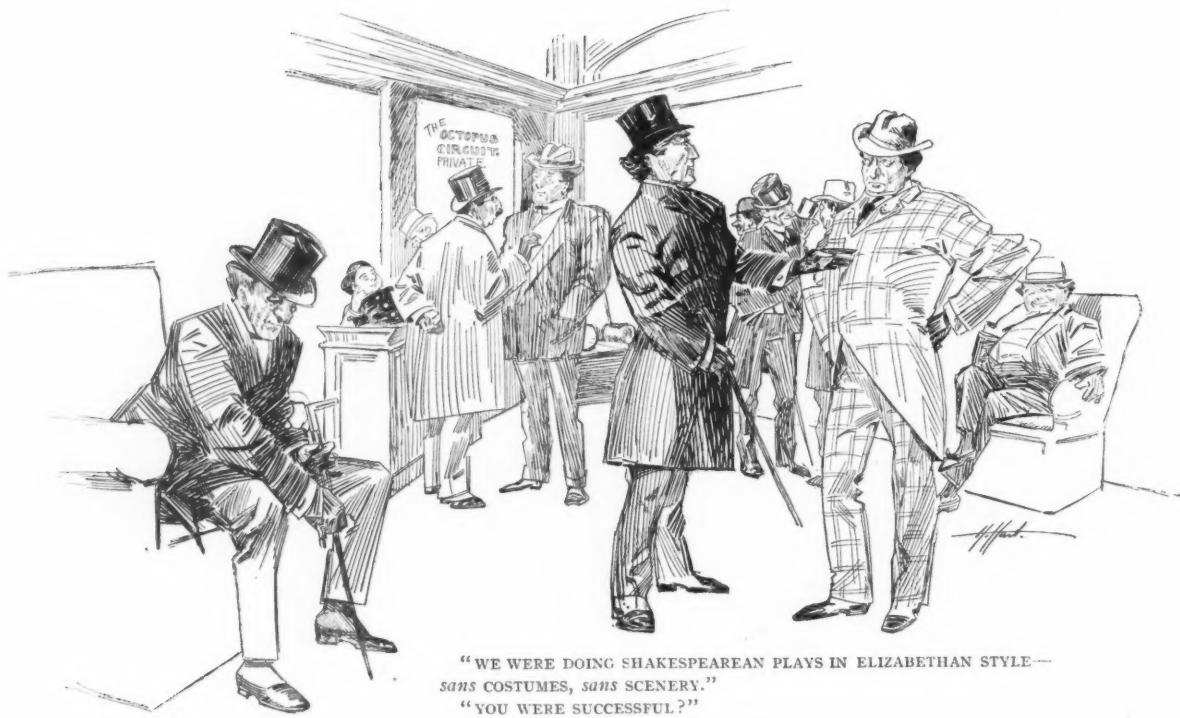
C.C.P.HILL

"THE CUP THAT CLEARS TO-DAY OF PAST

LIFE.



DAY OF PAST REGRETS AND FUTURE FEARS"



#### The Beginning of the Spring Productions

OME day an ingenious citizen will devise a machine for testing plays in the same way that eggs are tested now to determine, in advance of using, whether they are good or bad. In the matter of eggs, the candling process has saved the human race from a great many disappointing and unpleasant experiences. In the matter of plays, a similar process would not only save first-night audiences, and the "paper" audiences that are provided for failures, from boredom and time-wasting, but there would also be a vast economy in the money, thought and effort wasted on plays that never should have been brought to a public representation. The play that fails and the wasted expenditure it causes are not misfortune only to those that help in its production and to those who through duty, friendship or chance happen to witness it. They are also a misfortune to the whole cause of dramatic art, because every failure adds its share to the difficulty of securing a hearing for every other new play, and, therefore, may deprive really good works of their opportunity to be heard and to become successes. The cost of giving adequate staging to a new play is so great in present conditions that a

failure leaves behind it a lot of bitter and deterrent memories well calculated to discourage renewed efforts. This state of affairs makes one wish that either there might be devised some less expensive way than a Broadway hearing of trying out new pieces by actual production or that the American inventor should apply his genius to the discovery of a play-candling process for the benefit of aspiring dramatists and their friends and backers.

\* \* \*

IN THE case of a play like "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," by Messrs. Leo Ditrichstein and Percival Pollard, the testing machine might not have given a pronounced verdict in advance. Very likely in the manuscript and in the early rehearsals this might have seemed to those interested in it to have dramatic possibilities. Once beyond this point those interested naturally lost their power of judgment on the general merits of the play, and nothing could settle its fate but the public verdict. Even this might not have been a wholly adverse one had the play been better acted. In the circumstances of its presentation there could be but one opinion. Skilful acting might have made the authors' intentions more clear, but acted in only ordinary fashion the plot lost its cogency and the speeches their point.

A large part of the interest of the story hinged on the personality of the heroine. The rôle of *Mrs. Alcott*, a lady with an international record which, unduly revealed, stood in the way of her matrimonial aspirations, was entrusted to Dorothy Dorr. This lady is an actress. There was not permitted to the audience a moment's doubt of that fact. From the instant of her first entrance to that of her final exit she acted. At no time did she appear to lose sight of the fact that she was "in the picture." And, therefore, at no time did she carry to her audience the least conviction of either her ambitions or her suffering as a woman. Mr. Ditrichstein also acted, and for the same reason failed to

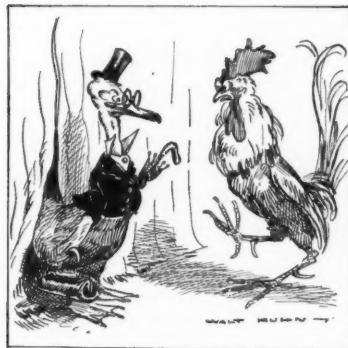
convey any notion of reality. Of course, his finish and excellent poise were to be noted, as always, but even these seemed overelaboration, although he impersonated that fabulous creature, a polished American diplomat. Mr. Charles Cherry was neither distinguished nor uncouth as the junior hero. Mr. William Hawtrey's abilities did not show to their best advantage in the part of a veteran member of a foreign diplomatic service.

Better acted, "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" might have held the interest, although it could never be more than an ordinary drama. With its present interpretation it is not even that.

\* \* \*



COMPARISONS are unquestionably odious to the compared party who suffers by the comparison. It is unfortunate for an American company like that performing "Mrs. Alcott" to come into such immediate contrast with the smooth, easy and natural methods of the support with which Signor Novelli has surrounded himself. LIFE does not know how the Italian company ranks in its own country, but certainly there is not in America a company which could go on week after week, as this one has, performing a different play almost every evening, with scenery and properties of the most makeshift kind, and at the same time provide an almost perfect stage *ensemble*. In view of the remark attributed to Mr. Mansfield (falsely, perhaps) that he did not care to see Novelli, as the Italian artist could teach us nothing, it may seem presumptuous for LIFE to suggest that American actors and actresses who still believe that they have something to learn should not fail to see this work of the Italians. The



*Anxious Father: WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR, BOY OR GIRL?*

*The Doctor: SEVEN BOYS AND THIRTEEN GIRLS!*

Novelli engagement has been extended another week. American theatregoers and artists alike will find in these performances much of educational value.

\* \* \*

**A**MATEUR performances are, as a rule, rather deadly occasions and of little importance to any one except to those who act in them and to their immediate friends. Very considerable artistic value, however, attaches to the recent presentations of Ibsen's "The Pretenders," at the Waldorf-Astoria, by the Yale Dramatic Association. The play has never been done before in English and, with the exception of a recent performance of "The Vikings" by the pupils of Mr. Franklin Sargent, this is the only opportunity American audiences have had to see the earlier Ibsen in stage performance. Of course it is not the social analyst of *Hedda* and *Nora* that is encountered here. It is the modern skald and writer of sagas who unfolds in dramatic form a chapter of his nation's history, although with it goes much of mental analysis. To present so elaborate a play was a great undertaking for a college organization and that it was accomplished in a fashion to bring sincere praise from so ardent a lover of Ibsen as Mr. William Archer shows that the work was a credit to the scholarship and energy of Yale undergraduates.

Of greater importance than the creditable rendering of a difficult and imposing classic is the creating of a new sphere of university activity which may be of the greatest future benefit to the American theatre and dramatic literature in America. LIFE has long contended that the public was largely to blame for the present decadent condition of the stage in America. If other universities follow the excellent example set by Yale and direct the natural love of young men for the theatre and its affairs into higher channels than those of farce and burlesque, it means the rapid spreading of an intelligent leaven among American theatregoers which is bound to raise the standard of public taste and public requirement. It may even mean bringing into the business of the theatre and onto the stage itself a different order of brains from that which now controls the destinies of one of if not the greatest of the popular educational forces at our command.

This production of an Ibsen play by a company of Yale youths may not, at first glance, seem an event of great importance. If it means, as it seems to, an activity in the classical and legitimate drama on the part of the universities and colleges the country over it is bound to be of tremendous value in determining the future of the theatre and the theatregoing public in America.

*Metcalfe.*



*Academy of Music*—General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," dramatized and presented in spectacular form.

*Astor*—"The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," by Ditrichstein and Pollard. See opposite.

*Belasco*—"The Rose of the Rancho." Interesting and picturesque drama dealing with the taking over of California by the United States. Well acted.

*Berkeley Lyceum*—"The Reckoning," Katherine Grey and good company intelligently interpreting clever little Viennese student drama.

*Bijou*—Mme. Alla Nazimova in "Comtesse Coquette." Notice later.

*Casino*—"The White Hen." Amusing comic opera with Mr. Louis Mann as the star. Well sung.

*Criterion*—"The Tattooed Man." Well-staged comic opera of the conventional type, with Mr. Frank Daniels as the star.

*Empire*—Ethel Barrymore in répertoire.

*Garrick*—"Caught in the Rain." Mr. William Collier and excellent cast in laughable little farcical comedy.

*Hackett*—"The Chorus Lady." The title rôle laughably portrayed by Rose Stahl.

*Herald Square*—"The Orchid," with Mr. Eddie Foy as the star. Notice later.

*Hippodrome*—Water play, ballet, spectacle and circus features. All good.

*Knickerbocker*—"The Red Mill." Comic opera by Messrs. Herbert and Blossom, with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as comedians. Musical and funny.

*Lincoln Square*—William Morris Stock Company in repertory.

*Lyric*—Signor Ermel Novelli in repertory.

*Madison Square*—"The Three of Us." Carlotta Nilsson and well-selected company in agreeable and interesting play of American life in the West.

*Madison Square Garden*—The Barnum and Bailey circus. As marvelous, megatherian and multitudinous as ever.

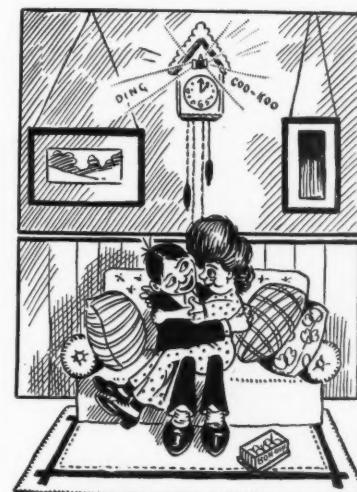
*Majestic*—"The Social Whirl." Laughable and tuneful musical play.

*Manhattan*—"The Mills of the Gods," by Mr. George Broadhurst. Agreeable and slightly melodramatic sidelights on American business methods.

*Princess*—"The Great Divide." Miss Anglin, Mr. Miller and good company in Mr. Moody's interesting American problem play.

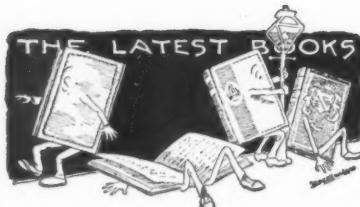
*Proctor's Theatres*—Vaudeville.

*Weber's*—Viola Allen in "The Lilac Room." Notice later.



ONE CUTE LITTLE GIRL,  
IN YOUR FOND EMBRACE,  
IS BETTER THAN TWO  
IN SOME OTHER PLACE.

## • LIFE •



MR. CARL SNYDER, in his history, or perhaps one might say his biography, of our present conception of the sidereal mechanism, *The World Machine*, has addressed himself with especial felicity to a special audience; an audience grown somewhat critical and disdainful of "popular" expositions of science and philosophy, yet debarred by lack of training and by intellectual habit from unmediated intercourse with either. By emphasizing most interestingly and effectively the human and psychological aspects of man's successive advances toward a consistent cosmogony, he cloaks the elementary character of his explanations and makes real a history that is too frequently unrealized. And even his extremely rhetorical and "literary" style may prove a well calculated *argumentum ad hominem*.

One of the most original and (to quote a pet phrase of the author's) one of the most "affording" of the new books is Gelett Burgess's story of *The White Cat*. Strikingly unusual incidents from real life form, in ordinary hands, a far more unstable foundation for fiction than situations frankly impossible. But Mr. Burgess has given to the case of "double personality" upon which the plot of *The White Cat* rests, so piquant a setting, and makes it suggest to our aroused imaginations such startling and unrealized possibilities, that it vibrates between the glamor of fairy tale and the stark horror of the uncannily tragic.

The preface of Emerson Hough's *The Story of the Outlaw* leads one to expect sketches of "bad men" and desperadoes served with sufficient sociological sauce to disguise the rank flavor of the native meat. One even imagines that a boy whose hair is turning gray may spend an afternoon with the book with something of the furtive joy with which he once read Jesse James biographies in the haymow. But poor sauce does not improve even poor meat. Mr. Hough's desperadoes are

graphic enough but his commentative chapters are oracular and unimpressive.

George Homer Meyer's tale of border chivalry in Spanish California, *The Nine Swords of Morales*, is a simply told and spiritedly ingenuous bit of genuine romance. Unfortunately the word "romance" is like a carpenter's chisel which has been used to cut nails. Its edge is full of nicks, but it is all we have. I use it to connote brave deeds, the love of love and ideals visualized.

*Salvage*, by Aquila Kempster, the story of an impulsive crime and its consequences, is a novel of the mushroom family but belongs to an edible variety. One swallows the plot with instinctive hesitancy and suspicion, born of its fungoid coincidences and highly colored developments; yet the actual flavor is pleasant enough, its characters make agreeable chance acquaintances and many of its scenes, both the quiet and the tumultuous ones, are depicted with imagination and good taste.

*The Unseen Jury*, by Edward Clary Root, is the story of a suspicious death, of an accusation of murder founded on circumstantial evidence carefully provided, and of a great criminal trial in which the hero appears as counsel for his dearest enemy and rival in love, and the author drives a coach and four through the rules of evidence. It is a novel in one dimension. It has length but neither breadth nor depth.

If any one has lost a couple of nice, cheerful Sunday-school stories, answering to the names of *Breezy* and *A Good Samaritan*, they are to be found among the Little Comic Masterpieces, the first number of which was E. P. Butler's exceedingly funny *Pigs Is Pigs*. We don't know how they got there but perhaps some one left the bars down and they strayed in. *Breezy* is a grocer's clerk whose rise in life is described by J. George Frederick; and the Good Samaritan is a divinity student whose rescue of an intemperate friend is rewarded (by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews) by a call to a prize parish.

*The Psychic Riddle* is the title of a little volume in which Isaac K. Funk discusses the public attitude toward what are commonly called spiritualistic phenomena, and describes certain of his ad-

ventures and observations as an investigator. Mr. Funk's own position is one of open minded inquiry, which has naturally led to his being looked upon as a "crank" by both the enthusiasts and the indifferent. His brochures, however, if only for their unquestionable honesty, are interesting to all to whom unsolved riddles appeal; but his hopes of popular appreciation of the importance of this particular problem will scarcely be realized until the day (perhaps not distant) when some spiritualistic Newton shall proclaim the law of psychic gravitation and some occult Edison perfect the telepathophone.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The World Machine*, by Carl Snyder. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.)

*The White Cat*, by Gelett Burgess. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

*The Story of the Outlaw*, by Emerson Hough. (The Outing Company. \$1.50.)

*The Nine Swords of Morales*, by George Homer Meyer. (Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.)

*Salvage*, by Aquila Kempster. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Unseen Jury*, by Edward Clary Root. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

*Breezy*, by J. George Frederick. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$0.50.)

*A Good Samaritan*, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$0.50.)

*The Psychic Riddle*, by I. K. Funk. (The Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.)

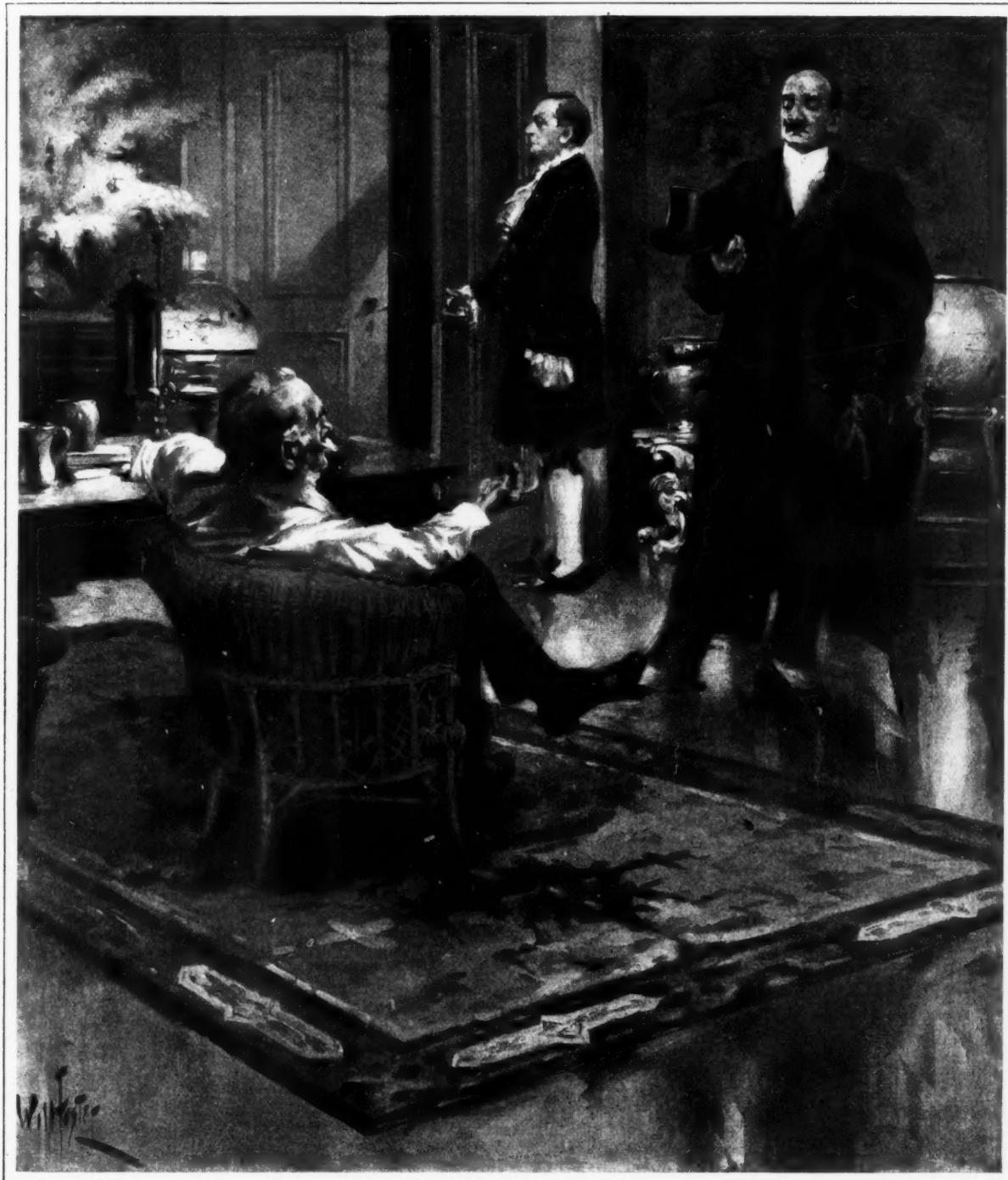
### In 1908

"WHAT kind of a funeral did Smith have?"

"Six cylinder."



TO KISS A MISS MAY LEAD TO BLISS,  
TO KISS AMISS MAY LEAD TO THIS:  
YOUR KISS MAY MISS MISS, WHICH I WIS  
WOULD SEEM TO MISS TO BE REMISS,  
BUT CHANCE LIKE THIS YOU'D NOT DISMISS  
TO EVEN KISS A MISS AMISS!



"I HAVEN'T ANY SPECIAL DESIRE EVER TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BUT AS MY DAUGHTER PRACTICALLY RUNS THE HOUSE, SHE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU WAIT AND SEE HER."

"THANKS, BUT I'M VERY BUSY. MY STAY IN AMERICA IS SHORT, YOU KNOW, AND I HAVE SEVERAL OTHER OFFERS TO CONSIDER."



THE USUAL THING

[Hurry has robbed correspondence of its grace.—*Nineteenth Century.*]

Just a line to tell you, dearest,  
Think that all at home goes right,  
Don't quite know, for by the merest  
Accident was late last night.  
  
Dined at club; quite spoilt the joints were—  
Not like our home dinners, duck—  
Had a hand at bridge—the points were  
Nominal, but shocking luck.

So, some dubs would make you cheerful,  
Sorry I have none to send,  
Business calls just now are fearful.  
Come home soon—you're missed, no end.

Flu and measles at the Jacksons',  
Smith's wife's sloped (Brown's missing, too).  
Smith seems mad, and his plain Saxon's  
What I can't repeat to you.

Well, there's no more news worth knowing—  
Cold's worse—one that nothing cures—  
Love to kiddies! Post just going,  
So excuse scrawl. Always yours.

—*New York Globe.*

"It is wicked to adulterate a man's food than to pick his pocket. Who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my good health—well, he's a possible murderer."

The speaker, pushing away, with horror, a dish of preserved strawberries, went on:

"The Germans actually do regard it as wicked to adulterate a man's food than to steal from him, and they punish the food adulterator twice as severely as the pickpocket."

In a German court I once saw a shabby pickpocket—he had stolen two dollars—sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Directly afterward a millionaire canner was convicted of adulterating canned beans with a chemical that was likely to give you erysipelas or quinsy. With us the canner would have gotten off with a fine, but the German judge indignantly sentenced him to two years.

"And I regret," the German judge added, "that the law does not allow me to make your sentence harder."—*Independent.*

PREPARING FOR THE WORST

A French gentleman anxious to find a wife for a nephew went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running through this he came to his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five—a blond preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. The lady was not at all disturbed. "Oh, yes," she said, "that is my name. I put it down when you were so ill in the spring and the doctors said we must prepare for the worst."—*American Press.*

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Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,  
see back label on every bottle:  
That's All!



THE STRONGEST

and most robust of men and women occasionally require a pure tonical stimulant. The purity and excellence of



HUNTER RYE

MAKES ITS USE PREFERABLE AT SUCH TIMES

SAVED THE SITUATION

She raised her head from his shoulder for a moment. "Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.

He pressed her blond curls back upon his chest.

"They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said. "Whose?" she asked.

"Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied thoughtlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved because no amount of work could make her pretty."

And the firelight flickered knowingly as she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief, while he drew a deep breath.—*Penny Pictorial.*

MR. HARE, in his book, "The Last of the Bushrangers," says that in the early days of the Ballarat diggings in Australia a police officer was very ill with an abscess of the liver, and the doctors had all given him up.

A police magistrate had watched over him night and day, and when all hope seemed to be gone the dying man said to his benefactor:

"My dear fellow, you have been very good to me, and I want to leave you something. I am the only man in camp who has a pair of boot-trees. When I am gone you may have them."

The magistrate was very grateful. The next day he went into the sick-room softly, believing that his friend was dying or dead, and took possession of the boot-trees; but before he could get out of the room with them the owner, who had been watching him, suddenly started up, and called out:

"Come, come, now! Just leave those trees alone. I'm not dead yet."

The sudden attempt to rise burst the abscess, and he recovered. Years afterward the boot-trees used to be shown as "life-preservers."—*Rochester Herald.*

THE KISS

To the Editor of the World:

It has no value for only one person.

It is the expression of supreme happiness for two persons.

The child gets it gratis.

The young man steals it.

The old man buys it.

It is the right of children, the privilege of lovers and the mask of hypocrites.

For a young lady it represents Faith, for the wife Hope and for the old maid Charity.

PIG.

New York, March 12, 1907.

—*New York World.*

ANDREW CARNEGIE tells the following to illustrate that a Celt is a Celt in Scotland as well as in Ireland:

In a sermon preached in a small church in Glasgow, the pastor, after inveighing against slothfulness, said, by way of climax:

"Do you think that Adam and Eve went about the Garden of Eden with their hands in their pockets?"—*Harper's Weekly.*



# Purity is Supreme

The materials we use are the best we can buy.  
And a partner in our business selects them.

The goodness of Schlitz is due largely to them.

But the supremacy of Schlitz as a home beer  
has been gained by the fact of its absolute purity.

Purity is not so conspicuous as some qualities  
in beer, yet it is very expensive. That is why it  
is rare.

But what does it matter how good a beer is  
if it is not a pure beer? If its use is unhealth-  
ful? If its result is biliousness?

Schlitz beer is known as the pure beer the  
world over.



# Schlitz

## The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Ask for the Brewery  
Bottling.

See that the cork or  
crown is branded Schlitz.



TWO SQUABBLES

Senator Tillman was discussing a recent quarrel among financiers.

"Those men threw a good deal of mud at each other," he said, smiling, "and most of the mud stuck. It was an interesting squabble. It reminded me of an incident in a Southern jail."

"There were two prisoners in this jail. One was in for stealing a cow. The other was in for stealing a watch."

"Exercising in the courtyard one morning, the first prisoner said tauntingly to the other:

"What time is it?"

"Milking time," was the retort.—*Washington Star*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

NO SOMNAMBULIST

Finley Peter Dunne, author of "Mr. Dooley," is an occasional visitor at a certain academy not far from New York. On a recent visit there he was accompanied by a well-known banker, who, being impressed by the beautiful surrounding country, suggested that they should take a walk the next morning at six o'clock.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Dunne, "but I never walk in my sleep."—*Lippincott's*.

A VISITING gentleman had submitted for some time to the attentions of the three-year-old boy of his hostess, but at last grew a little tired of having his whiskers pulled and his corns trodden upon.

"Madam," said he, "there is one thing about your charming little boy which especially pleases me."

"And what is that?" asked the smiling mother.

"That he isn't a twin."—*Rochester Herald*.

50 Years' Supremacy

The supremacy of Borden's products is due to 50 years' scientific education of dairymen and employees with a fixed purpose to supply only the BEST. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fill every milk or cream requirement.

At a performance of one of the shows which has enjoyed more than the usual length of run a night or two ago there was a young man apparently in the last stages of a jag. As the leading woman reached the climax of one of the acts she said: "It's the woman that pays—pays—pays."

"One moment, please," interrupted the inebriated one, rising in his seat. "I'd like to argue that point with you."—*New York Sun*.

SHE: Do you think my voice will ever be suitable for opera? HE: Stage or boxes?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE ardent Frenchman looked tenderly at the fair young mistress of his soul. "Je t'adore!" he murmured. "Maybe I'd better," she returned. "You can't never tell who's listening in this yere house."—*Baltimore American*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

H. C. FRICK described at a directors' meeting the amalgamation of two railroads.

"At first," he said, "the XYZ people were coy. Yet they were not too coy. They were like Pat and Biddy."

"Biddy," says Pat, timidly, "did ye ever think o' marryin'?"

"Shure, now," says Biddy, looking demurely at her shoe, "shure, now, the subject has niver entered me mind at all, at all."

"It's sorry Oi am," says Pat, and he turned away.

"Wan minute, Pat," said Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me thinkin'."—*Rochester Herald*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

SUMMING up the subject, George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant and erratic playwright, describes himself in this way: "I am a bachelor, an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a social democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women and an insister on the seriousness of art."—*Argonaut*.

Park & Tilford

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NEW YORK

Maracaibo  
Coffee

at 18c per lb.

Pure—excellent flavor and aroma  
—economical.

A satisfactory coffee for the family  
table where the economical best  
rules.

Complete Price List mailed promptly



ABBOTT'S BITTERS

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S.

Make the best cocktail. A delightful  
aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda  
beverages. A tablespoonful in an  
ounce of sherry or sweetened water  
after meals affords relief and aids  
digestion.

DRINK  
SANDERSON'S  
"Mountain Dew"

in moderation and you will  
find that the life and force  
contained in it will be im-  
parted to you. Don't take  
our word. Try for yourself.

MOST  
ANCIENT  
AND  
GLORIOUS  
OF  
CORDIALS



MOST  
ANCIENT  
AND  
GLORIOUS  
OF  
CORDIALS

## LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

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**COOK'S**  
*Imperial*  
EXTRA DRY  
**CHAMPAGNE**  
It is not only the  
best American  
champagne, but the  
best champagne”



PORTCHESTER, N. Y.

To the EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—A Boston physician says that the soul is material. The Boston physician argues thus: The weight of a man is perceptibly diminished immediately after death. This is because of the departure of the soul, which, having weight, is material. Weight is an essential quality of materiality. The elimination of the soul is the very fact which constitutes death, from life distinguished. The difference in weight is more than a coincidence. It is incontrovertible evidence of the soul's materiality.

We are not post-mortem experts. We are not even speculative M.D.'s with a turn for the sensational, but we account for this loss of weight just after death by the well-recognized fact that immediate disintegration is a consequence of death in the animal.

Disintegration is actually a sort of synonym for death. There is a very practical test which we would recommend to the Boston soul-scaler. Let him try his "Before and after" weighing stunts on a horse, a rabbit, a kangaroo, a whale and a guinea-pig. He will find an interesting set of gradations in the relative loss of weight in each. Then, he will be up against it. It will mean that man's loss of weight after death is due, as we have said, to disintegration, or else it will mean that the horse, the rabbit, the kangaroo, the whale and the guinea-pig are possessed each of a soul.

How do we know that all these animals suffer an immediate and appreciable loss of aroidupois just after passing away? Easy. We reply to this hypothetical question with the same logic as that used by Pat (Mike's brother), in the notable instance when he replied to the query of the King of Ireland concerning the number of stars in the firmament: "There are 4,788,577,387,502 stars in the sky, yer Majesty," says Pat, "an' if ye don't believe it, go out an' count them fer yerself."

HENRY P. WHITEHEAD.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dear Life—Your issue of March 21, 1907, contains the following:

"A New York traveling man says that the reason Boston is called 'the Hub' is because it is the slowest part of the wheel."

Was there ever an occasion when the hub did not "get there" as soon as the wheel?

BOSTONIAN.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

To the EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Why that convulsive upheaval of caustic vituperation against Miss Corelli? As a faithful reader of your paper and an admirer of your satirical precepts, I must enter my voice in protest against such puerile criticism as appeared in your late issue toward an earnest, conscientious, hard working woman whose only crime (?) seems to be that of giving to an unappreciative world an eloquent and beautiful interpretation of Christ's message to mankind.

I trust the spirit of fair play and unbiased judgment, with which you are supposed to be endowed, will prompt you to give space to these few lines, which are written in a spirit of emphatic protest against a totally undeserved and uncalled for display of literary spleen directed toward one of the most gifted writers of the present age.

Very sincerely yours,

SAMUEL B. BOGART.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"Its purity has made it famous."

### STAGE SEAS

Mr. Alfred Lester, the popular Gaiety comedian, has told a funny stage sea story, which leads me to a remembrance of others. Mr. Lester, like most comedians, started his stage career as a player of heroes, villains, "heavy fathers" and other familiar figures of melodrama, and one night, at a dirty little theatre in a third-rate Welsh town, or village, while expiring of thirst on a raft, the actor felt to his annoyance that the scene, intended to be most pathetic, was provoking explosions of un successfully suppressed laughter. The more he raved of the thirst that was consuming him, the more the people in front were consumed with laughter. Mr. Lester thought them the hardest-hearted wretches he had ever played before—until he knew what had been the cause of their merriment. It appeared from information received from the manager that a scene-shifter, instead of lowering a back cloth of perilous rocks, had introduced into the scene of turbulent waters the peaceful picture of a country inn, with fields of poppies in the distance. The spectacle of a thirsty mariner calling huskily for "watab" while there were "licensed premises" almost at his elbow in the raging ocean naturally struck the audience as having its humorous aspect.—M. A. P.



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The following label appears on every bottle :

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**EPIPARHS TO FRENCH DOGS**

On the occasion of a lawsuit brought by a marble cutter, some very interesting details have come out in a Paris court concerning the dog cemetery, founded on the Ile des Ravaudeurs, near Paris, in 1890. As a commercial undertaking the cemetery has been eminently successful; so much so that the society which conducted it was tempted to evict the marble cutter, to whom it had originally given a free concession for a workshop on the ground, and whom it wished to replace by a more profitable competitor. The marble cutter protested, and alleged that it was in a great measure owing to him and the care he bestowed upon the epitaphs and tombstones that the cemetery had prospered.

Some of these epitaphs were read in court, and were found to be of a highly sentimental character. There are already 4,000 "graves" in the cemetery. Some of them, leased for a long term, have cost as much as 2,000 francs. The lowest price paid for any concession is five francs, and the expenses of the most discreet burial is thirty-five francs. Visitors to the cemetery pay fifty centimes as an entrance fee. They have occasion to admire the pretty monuments to Tom, Bob, Kiss, Mimi, Boju and other lamented pets with similar endearing names.

On one of the tombstones they may read, "Homage to a faithful heart," and on another, "Here lies Black, killed by a civilized savage." The above victim, explains the keeper, died at the hands of an indignant concierge. Another marble slab mounted on cement rock contains the following: "Neither name nor date; what matters it?" And again, "Beneath these stones reside the material remains of that which during its life was my joy and my consolation."—*London Telegraph*.



Many readers of *The Silent War* welcome it as a friendly warning.

Others angrily denounce it.



"AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, DICK? BOBBIE SAYS HE HAS ALREADY GIVEN YOU TWO BIG BITES."

"BUT, IT'S MY APPLE!"

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## GEMS FROM THE SCHOOLROOM

Charon was a man who fried soles over the sticks.

Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the Mad Parliament—it was something the same as it is at the present day.

An abstract noun is one that cannot be felt, heard, seen, touched or smelt.

Cromwell raised a famous body of soldiers, known to history as "The Ironclads."

The Tories objected to the passing of the Reform bill, because they thought that the House of Commons would soon be filled with republicans and sinners.

The snow-line stretches from the North Pole to the South Pole, and where it crosses the Alps and the Himalayas it is many thousand feet high in the air.

The Transvaal is situated on a plateau four thousand miles high, and produces large crops of serails.

Mortmain tried to stop dead men from leaving their land to churches.

Socrates died from a dose of wedlock.

The heart is over the ribs in the midst of the borax.

A thermometer is an instrument for measuring temperance.

From a composition: "His spirituous nature caused him to be loved by all."

The chairman replied in a few appropriated words.

A toga is a sort of naval officer usually found in China or Japan. Marconi is used to make delicious puddings.

In 1234 A.D. the A.D. shows that it is A Date.

A good deal of paper is now made of Esperanto grass.

Contralto is a low sort of music, which only ladies sing.—*University Correspondent*.

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The  
Literary  
Zoo.

IS LOVELY woman losing her grip on litera-chewer? Has the pen fallen from the hand that rocked the cradle in the intervals of novel-making? Is the production of fiction no longer her chief function? What has become of Bertha Runkle, and Beatrice Harraden and Mary Murfree? Burning questions these. Since it was duly resolved that the novel is the one supreme expression and all-sufficient vehicle of modern thought—the best medium for philosophy and fancy, science and sanitation, ratioincation and religion, economics and the ideal—woman has seen her duty and has done it. Why is she beginning to shirk it now? Why, oh, why, is she no longer on the job?

Observe the names of novelists whose works were most in demand in England during February: Jack London, Max Pemberton, A. E. W. Mason, Mrs. Croker, "G. A. Birmingham," Richard Bagot. Only one woman, as far as we are aware. Here in America it is no better. The supreme six were Ralph Connor, Harold MacGrath, Lucas Malet, Oppenheim, McCutcheon, White and Adams. Not one American woman! We await with bated breath the publication of the latest report.

IT APPEARS from the publisher's announcement that F. Hopkinson Smith's new book, to be issued in the spring, "has a title well-calculated to pique curiosity—'The Veiled Lady and Other Men and Women.'" Mr. Smith's "calculation" was more than mathematically correct as far as we are concerned. We are not merely curious but feverishly impatient to learn what he means by the title. "The Bearded Lady and Other Men," etc., might have passed as a sly, sophisticated allusion to the petty deceptions of the side-show; but "The Veiled Lady and Other Men" must prove to be a poser even to the learned author of "The Determination of Sex." Pending elucidation, we have filed the title in our scrap-book under the appropriate heading: "Irish Bulls and Other Gallanisms."

KIPLING'S "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" was recently transformed by a New York newspaper compositor into "never the train shall meet"—suggesting a play upon the mathematical definition of parallel lines. "But parallel lines do meet," said the railroad editor, who was invited to join in the laugh at the literary critic's expense. "If you don't believe me, ask Mr. E. H. Harriman."

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